

MY MOTHER DEAR

There was a place in childhood, that I remember
well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy
tales to tell,
And gentle words, with fond embrace, was given
with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place upon my mother's
knee.

My mother dear, &c.

When fairy tales were ended, "good night," she
softly said;
And kissed, and laid me down to sleep, within my
tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I
yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's
knee.

My mother dear, &c.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my
prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every
time;
When doubt or danger weighed me down, the
pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to heaven that bent my
mother's knee.

My mother dear.

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